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POETRY.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Certainly if all who knew, that to be men stands not in the shape of bodies, but in the power of reason, would listen awhile unto Christ's wholesome and peaceable decrees, and not, puffed up with arrogance and conceit, rather believe their own opinions than his admonitions; the whole world long ago (turning the use of iron into milder works) should have lived in most quiet tranquility, and have met together in a frame and indissoluble league of most safe concord.—*Arnobius.*

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, raise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the Death-Angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Misery
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan—
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis,
Beat the wild war drums made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns!

The bursting shell, the gateway rent asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, oh man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on the forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through dark generations,
The echoing sound grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace.'

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as the songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of Love arise.

COMMUNICATED.

Extracts from a Traveller's Sketch Book. A Trip to Mauna Loa from the east-side, and Way-Side Scenes.

No. 2.

I awoke my men early, and we prepared to start. The sun had not yet got above the mountain, and with even this elevation, which I judged to be not over 3000 feet above the sea, it was tolerably cool. The men shouldering their packs, we bade aloha to our hospitable host, and took leave of the last human habitation to be met with on our excursion. The path led directly into the woods, and for some way was well beaten, and free from overhanging branches. The natives told me this was owing to the timber for their houses, which was brought hence. However, this comfortable walking did not last us over a few hours, we having gone about 10 miles in a E. S. E. direction. Kaina then said it was necessary for us to leave this track, and make one for ourselves in a more easterly direction. We deviated accordingly. The forest became more dense, the trees larger, and the undergrowth thicker. We soon entered upon a range which was luxuriant in the extreme. Although from the appearance of the soil, much rain must fall here, it was now quite free from that state of dankish heat which is so common in a wet intertropical climate. The thermometer rose not above 65°—the day was clear, and we were able to endure our exercise with comfort. How I wished for some of my scenery-loving friends, as we pushed our way through, or more properly under that noble belt of woods! The trees were interspersed in agreeable variety, and some were of gigantic growth. The kukui was larger than I had ever observed before. Mingled together were the large koa, girting from 12 to 20 feet; the stately ohia, with its beautiful, bright blossoms; the scarcely less attractive ko, with its graceful leaf and delicate flower, and occasionally a species of the artocarpus, and the slim but overtowering cocoa-nut. At times we came upon groups that were so thickly covered with vines, and so overspread about their roots with the wild *musa*, the ti, and ferns of all sizes, from the little species that finds its home upon the trunk and branch, to those whose plume-like leaves tower a fathom or more above the traveler's head, that it was next to impossible to penetrate their recesses. Mosses here also grow in profusion, forming a soft carpet for the feet, and pendant from the branches, giving the trees an air of antiquity. Indeed, nature must have revelled in undisturbed security for many generations, to have produced so prolific a growth. Life and death, decay and regeneration, were going rapidly on. Venerable trees were tottering to their fall, and only supported by the profusion of younger growth about them. Younger trees were pushing their way ambitiously through the canopy of leaves and branches of older companions, which scarcely allowed the clear light of heaven to penetrate beneath them. Parasitic vines were clinging to them with tenacious grasp, determined to rise with or make them share their more lowly lot. The ground was rich with the vegetable decay of centuries. Not unfrequently an old trunk, seared and stripped of its foliage, still lifted its head far above its living neighbors, conquering even in death. Paroquets were flitting about, screaming discordantly, but not loud enough to drown the notes of a little musical dark-feathered bird. Its whistle was delightfully clear and sweet. The silence of the numerous other birds contrasted inharmoniously with the beauty of the scene. It was a place and season when all nature was called on to rejoice, and their listless, silent hopping from stem to stem, reminded one more of the tenants of a prison-house than the free carollers of air. Bryant's descriptive lines, commencing,—

> "Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth, which needs
> Experience more than reason, that the world
> Is full of guilt and misery; and hast known
> Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
> To tire thee of it,—enter this wood,"—

came into my mind, and I found myself involuntarily rapeating them. Even the kanakas got up a little enthusiasm, and ejaculated more than once, "he ululaau maikai."

But the scene from its very richness palled upon the mind and we soon had enough work to pick our way through the tangled vegetation. On emerging from a piece which had given us no little trouble, we came suddenly upon a flock of large birds that were feeding about a dozen rods in advance. They no sooner saw us than they whizzed away into the bushes, giving us just time to ascertain they were turkies. I regretted that I had left my fowling piece behind. In good truth it was with reason that the regret was made; for we had not advanced a mile beyond the spot, when we were startled by an ominous rustling and subdued grunting sound. The natives stopped and beckoned me to do the same. The sounds increased, and we remained in our quiet position about three minutes, when an enormous wild boar came in view rooting along leisurely. Upon lifting his head he espied us and stopped short, looking as I thought, being nearest to him, very wicked. In truth he looked like an ugly customer, and showed tushes in no very gentle mood. He neither advanced nor retreated, and we stood facing each other for more than five minutes. At last Kaina suggested a unanimous hulloo and a rush at him. We did so, making the air resound with direful sounds that would have stunned any ears but those of a swine. The old brute shook his head at our approach, and then before we were fully aware of his intentions, dashed foaming at us. Kaina escaped behind a tree; the two baggage men barely saved their legs, while I with an activity that nothing short of so desperate an emergency could have induced, grasped an over-hanging limb and threw myself on it, the boar just grazing my heels with his snout as they cleared the ground. His swineship, satisfied with routing his enemy, did not stay to beseige us in our several fortresses, but gave a roar and made off with himself. Fearing he had gone to beat up recruits we lost no time in disappearing in the opposite direction.

SELECTED.

An Account of the Great Volcanic Eruption of 1843, on Hawaii,

Given in a letter of Mr. Coan's, American Missionary at Hilo, and published in the Missionary Herald of Feb. 1844. On Monday 6th of March, Mr. C., in company with Mr. Parris and seven natives, left Hilo, on their exploring tour.

"We did not take the usual route—that pursued by Captain Wilkes and others, via Kilauea—but directed our course at once for the stream of lava, as it was seen flowing on the high plains between Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. Our general course was west-south-west, through a vast forest, so interwoven with jungle as to render it impenetrable in most places. As the season was peculiarly dry, we chose for our path the rocky bed of a river, called the River of Destruction, from the quantity and rush of its waters during the rainy seasons. The stream was now so low that we could pass up its bed and under its banks by leaping from rock to rock, and frequently crossing from side to side, now and then also ascending its banks and beating our way for a short distance through the bushwood, to avoid deep water, perpendicular precipices, or the accumulated masses of drift wood,—consisting often of majestic trees which had been torn violently from their places, and, with roots, trunk, and branches, carried down the stream to some narrow pass where their progress was arrested by the approaching banks, by vast rock, or by a sudden bend in the stream, and thus leaving them as impregnable chevaux-de-frise against the traveller.

[The night was spent by Mr. Coan and his party in the outskirts of the forest already mentioned.]

"On the second day, we again entered the bed of the stream, and pursued our romantic course along its serpentine and rocky channel, and between its precipitous and often overhanging banks, which sometimes presented frowning battlements of dark naked lava, and sometimes retreated in graceful slopes of luxuriant soil, adorned with trees, shrubs, vines, and parasitical plants, or spread with a splendid carpet of soft velvet moss. In this lofty and deep forest, and amid these everlasting solitudes—unbroken except by the gurgling of the wasted stream, the dashing of the cascade, or the mighty rush and the deep thunder tones of the mountain torrent, and, I should add, by the enchanting strains of the ten thousand songsters whose notes seemed to fill every leaf and shrub and tree with animated joy—we pursued our quiet way till the outstretching shades of evening admonished us to prepare for repose.

[This night the travellers slept in a booth of boughs and ferns, erected for the emergency, on the bank of the river.]

"Early the next morning, we pursued our way up the stream, and at noon found ourselves fairly out of the forest, with the lofty summit of Mauna Kea rising in hoary grandeur before us. We were now at its base, and in the high open country occupied by herds of wild cattle. We now bent our course south-south-west, over a beautiful rolling country, sprinkled here and there with clumps of low, spreading trees, which looked like orchards in the distance. Our way was along the upper skirts of the forest, having Mauna Kea with its numerous peaks and lateral craters on our right. At evening we came in full view of Mauna Loa, bearing south by west from us. We pitched our tent under an ancient crater, four hundred feet high, now covered with trees and grass.

"Here we had a splendid view of the great terminal crater on the summit of the mountain, about twenty-five miles distant, and also of the vast flood of lava which had flowed down the northern side of the mountain to the plains below, some part of which lay burning at our feet, at the distance of four or five miles. We were now seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; and we could see the dark clouds gather, and the lightnings blaze below us, while the deep-toned thunder rolled at our feet. At the same time, a storm of hail spread along the shore and fell upon the station at Hilo. This was the first hail seen at our station since our arrival at the Islands. At twilight, a smart shock of an earthquake, which lasted thirty seconds, added to the sublimity of the scene; while a blazing comet hung over us in the vaulted sky. As darkness gathered around us, the lurid fires of the volcano began to glow with fervid heat, and to gleam upon us from the foot of Mauna Kea, over all the plain between the two mountains, and up the side of Mauna Loa to its snow-crowned summit, exhibiting the appearance of vast and innumerable furnaces, burning with intense vehemence, and throwing out a terrible radiance in all directions. During the night we had thunder and lightning; and in the morning both mountains were beautifully mantled in snow.

DEVASTATION PRODUCED BY THE ERUPTION.

"It was now Thursday, and we left our encampment and proceeded three or four miles toward the new stream of lava, and again pitched our tent on the side of an old crater, two hundred feet high and one mile in circumference, and covered with trees and shrubbery to its summit. It was surrounded at its base, however, by a vast field of naked scoria of the most jagged character, the deposit of some former eruption which had flowed around the little fertile hill, and left it like an island in the ocean, or like an oasis in the desert. Leaving our natives to prepare encampment and to collect fuel, water, etc., we set off for the nearest stream of active lava, distant about two miles. Our road was over sharp jagged lava, thrown up in tumultuous confusion; but we soon made our way to the molten stream, and thrusting our staffs into the viscid mass, took out and cooled specimens which we carried home with us. You will understand that we were now on the great plain between Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, not having as yet commenced the direct ascent of the mountain. On this plain, between the bases of the two mountains, we spent the day in traversing and surveying the immense stream of fresh scoria and slag, which lay smouldering in wild confusion farther than the eye could reach,—some cooled, some half cooled, and some still in a state of igneous fusion. The scoriform masses which formed the larger portion of the flowings, lay piled in mounds and extended in high ridges of from thirty to sixty feet elevation above the substratum on which it rested, and forming a barrier so indescribably jagged and rough as to be nearly impassable. It seemed as if this vast sea of earthy and rocky fusion had been suddenly solidified, while in a state of the most tumultuous action. Besides these high and broad ridges of scoria, there were parallel streams of slag, solidified on the top, like ice on a river. This was smooth, of lustrous black, and in a vitrescent state, forming the superincumbent crust of a deep molten river which rolled beneath, and which betrayed its burning course at innumerable cracks and seams and blow-holes, in which the fiery fluid was seen, or through which tt was expelled in gory jets.

"We spent the whole day in exploring this vast sea of lava, and were astonished at its immense area. In rolling down the side of the mountain, one broad stream had shot off in a westerly direction, towards Kona. Anoth-